CUPID THE FIDDLER.

In a strange little village, somewhere in England, lived Prissy Emlet. People some- like to stop and see the practice to-night? times strayed very near her home, and strayed away again tired and hungry, longing for a sign of human creatures, when | half past 6, after supper in the toolhouse | smiting him without further parley, solely all the time they had been looking right (that being the social position assigned to on the ground of that comb, but Prissy over the tops of a score of chimneys, old chimneys wrapped about with ivy and been married to a lady of title), at half past | how wet the poor man be." Then they all never smelling anything more substantial, distant quacks and bleats, as of a simple was naught but dun grass from their feet creaked apprehensively into the candlelight, their noses, they would certainly have ment of the Sabbath heard something soon, a rusty pump bray- he inquired with no great cordiality. babes or the crowing of cocks. Spurred by particular invitation from the rector to atthe ground, and so have lighted on Little ly at his clarinet, and occasionally gurgling sensation at the back of the palate; the Dinder, lying curled up like a field mouse his uneasiness. in a hollow of the great green blanket, with pinfold, pump, church and parsonage. springing up with an inn and eighteen cot- of the pleasant summer time. As these objects on tables and shelves danced soltages to look after them, besides a rough | strains drifted down the hill there was the | emnly, windows rattled, cakes of plaster dechalk road, which a few miles back over fidgeted in his corner and Noah sniffed de- and flickered, and the air was filled with the brow was but a faint track. And there liberately. But in came the rector, fiddle in quaking gloom. It was a grand string, inwas a tinkling stream, turning up una- hand, and he tuned it and skirled up and deed. bashed from nowhere, and frisking down manner which was very impressive. Then strument, explained where the different the roadside as if it had been guiding the entered younk Jakes, the flautist, and a tones and semitones might be found, and wanderer for miles past like a properly man from Crow Clump, five miles away, they drove nails into the side of the someconducted watercourse. Weary men who found these things were often very irritated and would vow that they had never seen such a place is the intervence of the some of the laugh; and at last the rector, saying, "Well, I think, friends, we'll make a start." doled out to each his portion of the feast of sound contained on slips of manuscript. such a place in their lives, and that it ought sound contained on slips of manuscript. As did the system prove that in about an the have been marked on the pent flood of musical hour's time Robert had mastered the bass to have been marked on the map; they emotion, the door opened and revealed of "Life Let Us Cherish," and had blistered wanted to know how people could live in Prissy Emlet in such a bonnet, with pink his fingers severely by the friction of the such a hole, and how they ever found their way into it or out of it. Then Prissy, as she stapped thick salt glisteries and the detectable force of the detectable force and the studying, the door was flung open, and the she slapped thick, salt, glistening rashers into the frying pan, or raked together smouldering turves, would say: "Lor bless | Oh, thou little blind god! how did thy tiny | John?" asked the rector. a pimple on the face of the plain.

blind, or bilious, looked not at the clump, but at Prissy, for she was goodly to look at, sweetly slender, divinely tall and generally half blinded by a drifted wish of gold. ally half blinded by a drifted wisp of gold-en hair, which needed tucking under a wonder that Robert, blue and bubbling, rector, and so it got christened. thick net with a rounded arm. Nature, the boys make of ink and gunpowder. ever young mistress of arts, had taught dived in a spasm of fear that there was a smut on her nose.

Mill, took certain teggs of his father's, cerston stock sale; and having sold well he eminent Toby easily bored through liquor that was in him, he took the left- strains contributed by Toby peak and dwindle to a midge's song. hand track after the three stones, and then bare leftward at the Gibbet, which, as and to dry their heads; and then the rector every man knows who is sober, is the way | conducted each one separately through his to Dinder and never the way to Mallop. part, and Toby made two mistakes. When he crowed up on the word cherish, like a Therefore his long legs brought him into callow rooster, Bob said, "Coop, coop, the inn at Dinder as Prissy was getting coop," as one calls fowls to feed. Every one laughed except crimson Toby, who, glowerher father's supper against he came back ing beneath his black brows, pressed his from Langston; and when Prissy came in closed fist against his nose, and the men from the kitchen and looked at him in that grinned over their shoulders at Bob. The way of hers, or ever he was aware his and shook his head reproving, but Prissy sout made him like the charlots of Am- laughed. minadib, and he could scarcely gasp,

heart rose within him and he conversed. He said it was a cold day, and he said it the hardest at that tune. was a bit coldish, and he said it was cold coming up by Thousand Acre. Somewhat said the rector to Prissy and the sharp lit-later he said it was dampish, and main the god whispered kindly into Bob's ear. sharp in the wind; and he said it did blow a and Prissy looked at him, and he immediately perceived it was a warm evening,

and said so. Then the little wanton god stirred him up anxious about Prissy's health, and inquired after it twice. In the fullness of his sym- | think a man might make one who was main pathy he even expressed the hope that she would put a bit of something soft around get cold, or let the sun harm her. Then Then, said Robert, he would go over and Prissy's mother wanted her, and Robert went to sleep with his curly poll on the scrubbed table hard by his blue mug.

turf, and it took some persuasion to make little rector was his master, and burly John in hand. She did not seem very startled at in his hand, and bade the rector good-day, she gave unto him her fiddle to bear, when and thanked him kindly, and said his he pleaded for it, and made him happy. upon the table aroused Robert from his re- verted to the warmth of the weather and produced a fiddle. Well, I never did," said Mrs. Emlet. "To

dleein' and a twiddlediddlin' about.

Then Robert stretched out a hand for the ing, for Bob had made good sales. fiddle. "Give it to me, said he; "may be I if she had not raised her eyes and made

again all right, sure enough, Priss. Better take 'n away, lass, afore he drops 'n again."

away with her treasure.

Young Toby from Warmster End?"

"Who learned him to play?" "Learned hisself."

Bob's imagination was not naturally fertile, nor had it been developed by exercise. him a very vivid picture of handsome, about a big fiddle with a foreign name, ir- twisted them round with a spanner. radiated by the sunshine of the look.

are you doing over here, ch? Robert explained how that he had heard

he said he knew his notes, and he otherwise lied unto the spiritual man. "Well, and what are you going to play, Robert scratched his head. "Have 'ee got

one o' them there very big uns?" "A big one, eh? "Ah; one o' them there grandfather flois a long way to bring a big fiddle."

as I can get he here."

"Well. I don't know where he's to come from," said the rector, rubbing his chin paditatively. "Matt Slocombe, the cobbler came out, and lo, a great bird-shaped creature like a pterodactyl, flapping black wings and scuttling on muddy legs.

The apparition raced stiffly up to the door know just what he has captured.

about these parts who played the bass." Well, I'll get me over and see he. Good

"Come back a minute, Ross, Wouldn't you have a long walk, ch?"

house-leck, whence, if the wind had lain aright, they might have savored of frizzaright, they might have savored of frizz- and the netting, and the model reaping maling bacon and eggs. Stomachs, braced by the keen air of the plain, and the fear of never smelling anything more substantial that the inductive in would have been irresistibly drawn on by | creature in agony, arose beyond the shrubsuch means, in spite of the fact that there at the door, and a heavy young man bery, and anon there was a heavy knock to the wind-hole; but if they had followed | gleaming with soap and attired in the rai-"Why, Ross, what be 'ee a-doing here?"

ing, the thud of chopping, the crying of | Robert explained that he had received a the sound, they would at last have won the appearance or abilities of the band; and top string bellowed with a grinding punsight of a wisp of blue smoke arising from Noah eyed him suspiciously, sucking glum- gency which developed a kind of sneezing

The rector played upon Prissy's fiddle, her to look at one in a kind of accidental, just to try the tone, she sitting beside him | men in the room put together. When Toby, and watching him gratefully; and every- crouching over his 'cello, would clutch its dreamy manner, and to retire into herself body murmured "Yurr, yurr," and clapped stand carve savagely at it. Bob would when he concluded, saying, "You've got a stand erect and touch up his center string; her little ways were all her own, and when | good fiddle there, my dear; we'll soon make | but if Toby attempted any fancy work, she looked at a man so, she did not know tily, but Robert could not catch her eye, quite what he thought about those eyes of try as he might, for Noah, and Jakes, and harebell blue, and when she so dived, she the man from Crow Clump were trying to catch it also.

Robert's soul grew dark within him; but the rector said, "Life let us cherish," and Now, it fell out that Robert Ross, of the they cherished upon their various instruments with grim energy and lolling tongues. It mattered but little how loud tain lambs, and certain fat beasts to Lang- the co-operative sound might wax, the predrank well, and wended home as the sun whole mass with his vermicello. Robert could hear naught else, and as he listened turned back. When he came to the chalk a longing grew on him for a fiddle as large pit on the Thousand Acre, by reason of the | as a cow, something that should make the

By and by the artists stayed for breath rector looked over, too, twinkling wickedly,

They played "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," and the "High Road to Lin-After a score or so of sips at his cider his "Life Let Us Cherish" was what they whistled, as they put their instruments up after practice, because they had worked "Now, shall we go in for our first lesson?"

"Go thou likewise," so Bob stuck out his bic wettish, but he thought the rain would elbows and protruded his thorax, and, with not come till the change of the moon. Then an affable nod to the rest of the party, fol- to make no headway. he said it was cool for the time of the year. lowed his maid through the house-door into the rectory hall. "La, Mr. Ross, be that you?" said Priss.

I thought you was miles away." "Hullo! who's that?" said the rector, and with his poisoned dart, and he became Bob explained that he had been meditating upon a big fiddle; and did not the rector clever with his hands? The rector thought that perhaps such a man might make some her pretty head when she went out and not sort of an instrument if he had a pattern. measure the fiddle at Leverell, and make one, and so he bade the rector good night. But he bade not Prissy any good night, for A couple of hours later the rector's roan little Cupid whispered, "Tarry thee in the came cornwards at a great pace over the shrubbery, oh Bob, and wait for her." and he sat him down and waited for half an him stop at the inn. However, the withered hour, and presently out came Prissy, fiddle the practice room, said that it was very Emlet alighted carefully, with a coffin- Bob's considerate cough, though she did shaped case under his arm and a round box say, "Mercy, how you made I jump!" and swered (very low). "Because you might Prissy should be round at half-past 6. The During the short walk to the inn there was thump of the aforesaid case being deposited not much conversation. Robert merely adposing, and he watched Prissy's blush as said that the wind was a bit dampish, her father unlocked the brown case and whereat Prissy laughed softly, and he could not converse further. Then she took up the conversation and asked him if he proposed think of the rector's a-wanting to teach my to join the band, which he admitted to be gel that thing! A pretty figure you'll cut, possible; and then they were home. He would not go in, for he was much too happy "I'll warrant she'd make a fine player," to fight, and struck off across the flank of her father said, patting her shoulder fond- the hill in the moonlight, for he had eleven smoking and staring intently at his hollyly; "and it do seem to I as 'tis more a wim- miles to walk. All the way he was warm min's thing than a man's thing, all a tweed- and happy, and even when his mother nut hocks.

Prissy said nothing, but she looked at the him that they had all given him up for fiddle and a string broke. "There now." dead and that his father would tan his said she, "the old thing's gone and broke of hide in the morning, he cared not a rap. dead and that his father would tan his its own self! Now how about half-past 6?" | But his father did no tanning in the morn-So soon as he could, he walked the thircan mend 'n." He was an ingenious young | teen miles to Leverell, and returned the chap, and soon learned the twist and the same day in the strength of his love with hitch that makes a string catch. He re-paired the damage and handed the fiddle stuck up in the little office above the millback to Priss, or would have handed it back | pool and pondered over while he made out his father's bills. The traditional design seemed to him capable of improvements; he "I don't know if thee be clever or clum- | did not admit the necessity of making sy, young man," grumbled John, overlook- curved sides unless a man had only billets ing it tenderly; "but 'tis a-harnessed up to work with, so he planned his viol with straight sides, hollowed squarely by the bridge. And, for that he was a larger man "Be'est a-going to play him thyself, than Matthew Slocombe, of Leverell, he built it about nine feet high. The strings he "Ah, I be," replied rosy Prissy, tripping arranged to tighten with an invention of his own, based upon the principle of the Parson's fad, that is. He would have it | mill sluice, and he designed to actuate the that our Priss had a hand for the fiddle, and | three screws with a bed key. These and a ear for'm too. Come o' singin' in the other developments cost him many sleepless choir," explained the proud parent, "Par- nights; and when he had perfected his deson, he've got a band. Thur's lots a-learn- signs he sent to the blacksmith for the ma-Young Jakes have a-got a flute in it, chinery and by the carrier for the timber and Noah, he's in it with that there foozle- from Sandbury, and for five weeks he pipe o' his'n. Oh, ah, and thur's young wrought in his spare time, rising early and Toby, he's in it. Plays a big fiddle, he do, working late, and only once calling over at wot they calls a vermicello. A big un, it Dinder for a mug of cider. The fingerboard gave him the greatest trouble; but by cutting up his cricket bat he finally won fifth week, when the carrier brought his strings, he found that his sluice arrangements did not provide sufficiently fine adjus'ment, and that unless he tuned his Nevertheless, it rapidly stretched out for strings at both ends he could not approach within a tone of the note he desired. Acblack-haired young Toby wreathing himself | cordingly he put nuts at the bottom and

Placed in the sack scale the embodiment Straightway he took a great resolution; of Robert Ross's ambition weighed ninetywith heaven's help he, Robert, would have | six pounds; and it was with a face lit with a bigger fiddle than Toby's, and would play | honest pride and anticipation that he hoisted it on his back one Tuesday afternoon Fired with the new fervor, he marched to and set off to prove it at Little Dinder. He the rectory and rang the bell without allow- had invented some rope work wherewith he ing time for cold thought. A gracious smell | clothed himself, as it were, with his viol. of supper preceded the maid, who opened | and kept it clear of the earth; but he took the oaken door, and Parson Potts came out | a long time to mount the hillside, albeit the rubbing his hands. "Well, my boy, how are | wind was at his back, and before he had you, ch? Where do you come from? Ross, traversed two of the eleven miles he was Ross, son of old David Ross, of Mallop Mill, feeling tired, strong man though he was, eh? Bless my soul, how you boys do grow. For this reason he took off his coat and And how's your father, and my very good | hitched it over the projecting neck of the friend, the vicar, eh? And those Weisn | machine, presenting thereby such an unsheep of his? Ha! Ha! no keeping 'em in, natural and even appalling appearance as eh? Ah, I said how it would be. And what to make every living creature he approached shy wildly from him. By the time he had won Dinder Down he was pale and tell of a band and wanted to be in it. He | faint; he would, perhaps, never have artold the rector that he was ford of music; rived at his destination had he not discerned another figure, of somewhat similar aspect, blotting the expanse in the direc-

tion of Toby's home But try as he might there was no making headway with ninety-six pounds of mae'er a big un." he inquired, "a rare big un, | chinery bearing him down; and Robert witnessed his rival disappear over the edge of the plain half an hour and more before he gained the road; and while he staggered dies, a real big un?" and slid upon the white mud (for it had "H'm! Well, curiously enough, Ross, that's rained, and the wind blew high), he bitjust the thing we do require; and if you can | terly reflected that Toby was all the time get hold of one, and if you are musician warmly ensconced in the corner of the setenough to teach yourself how to play it, tle, probably joking with Prissy. The gale you might make yourself very useful. Only, which blew off the hill compelled Robert ou must come regularly, and eleven miles into a run. Some one saw him and raised a long way to bring a big fiddle."

Such a cry of "Lawk-a-mussy! what's that "Oh, I can get here right enough, if so be a-coming down th'ill?" that everybody

at Leverell, is the only man I ever met of the inn and halted with a loud explosion (for one of the gut cables had given way from the damp), and stolidly undressing himself of his invention, Robert Ross crept out and sought the fireside. Toby was there, with boots clean and shining hair, It begins at half past 6; but I suppose you and clean Sabbath coat. Even as Robert looked, he sought in his green bag and from Robert needed no second invitation; so at its depths produced a comb. Bob meant him by the rector's wife, a childless and | brought him a mug of cider, and said: "Let punctilious person whose stepfather had I have that there coat to dry'n. Gracious pieced the broken string. So the dangerous The rector seemed deeply impressed and became thoughtful. "Have you tried its

tone?" he inquired. Robert had not done so. They therefore screwed the cords up to G, D and A, the apparatus creaking apprehensively. Then the rector rubbed the big bow with rosin and, pulling up his shirt cuffs, retired to the rear flank, as a gunner sidles clear of his weapon before he ignites the fuse. The effect of the trial was superb, and retend on purpose to give him any hints as to | paid all that Robert Ross had suffered. The

into the instrument obscure reflections of string in the midst emitted a large sour boom, which rattled the teeth together un-Then, from far away, sounds shrill and less one clenched them; but the lowest plaintive floated on the air, as of some string-ah, that was a masterpiece. When spirit of the wind bemoaning the departure | you got the bow home on that string, small sound of a woman's laugh, whereat Robert | scended from the ceiling, lights fluttered

down in an incidental and semi-conscious | The rector, having investigated the in-

his detestable face, a new red kerchief cowman ran in with a look of great anxiety around his hateful neck, and (could it be?) and a pail of hot water. He stood openrose affixed to his abominable green coat. | mouthed for some moments. "What is it,

'ee, we'm able to get here right 'nough. arrows rankle as Toby laid down the new | "Lord be praised, I though as old Dolly We'd jess look at that tump," indicating ton thumbs unfastened the straps while the "Reuben Tummit, he come a-running round with her fork a far-away clump of firs, like rector smiled most knowingly upon the two, to I, and he said: 'John, one of youer cows for he had loved sweethearts and their is down; if I was you I should go and look ways, being still young at heart. And then | to her purty sharp, for she's powerful bad But travelers, unless they were old, or Toby's own green bag-oh, Ananias, he said by the sound.' So I says to he, 'Reuben, it

> That was a delightful evening for Bob. Prissy watched him, and he made louder sound, and more of it, than all the other tickling and picking with his fingers, Bob would let go the big string and drown him head over ears. It was fine. If Robert strayed, the parson would cry to him, 'First bellows nail, please, Ross," or "Second hobnail, Robert," as the case might be; and when he desired modulations, he called, "Look out, Robert, sharp coming." So things went very smoothly, and the parson's lady came in to see this wonderful instrument which was keeping her fowls

For the ingenious young man the evening was full of hints by which he profited against the future. Accordingly, come next week, when Toby walked over behind a Warmster boy who carried his green bag in state, there was a blot moving two miles ahead of him on the plain, which blot was Robert Ross, driving a donkey cart with his Big One therein. When it was unloaded. "Law, Robert; what be they tits on thy fiddle?" people inquired. Then Bob explained that he had built a cupboard and two drawers in the front to hold things, and he got out from one a necktie and a pair of boots, and some honey for Priss out

Still his fancy urged him on to new amendments, and late next Tuesday afternoon the Dinder folk, hearing a great rattling and bumping, perceived that Robert had mounted his Big One on wheels and was trundling it down the hill. The axle was detachable and took off when he wished to perform on the vehicle. Prissy appeared much impressed by his ingenuity and his neckties; she was kind

to him, and when she looked the look, there was a tiny something at the back of it which made Bob's heart beat quickly. Toby purchased an iron peg for his instrument, and weakly invested in a brass box for the strings; but for some reason he appeared At last things came to a crisis. It had been a pouring wet week and the Darle was in flood. There was no getting on to the

hill from Warmster or from Mallop either. for the swollen river ran between over ford and bridge. But when Tuesday morning dawned gray and dripping, Robert arose with an idea. All the forenoon he labored at it with pitch and with paint, and at the turn of the day he embarked upon his Big One, having slackened off the strings sufficiently to afford comfortable sitting room. After an uneventful passage he drifted against a willow on the further side, and arrived at Dinder in time for practice. Every one was astonished to see him, and commended the young man's resource and dustry; but Prissy, as they walked up to wrong of him to have gone on the water upon his viol. Bob asked why. She anhave been drowned." Bob sat down his craft inside the doorway of the empty room and said bravely, groping out with one arm (for the thumping of his heart dimmed his eyes), "Should 'ee care then, Prissy? Should 'ee, should 'ee?"

Prissy nodded, and began to cry, for fear -for fear-Long after this, and far from Dinder,] came up their garden one evening, when their son and his wife and children had been paying them a visit, for I wanted to smoking and staring intently at his holly-

'Ah, fine boys they be," said Prissy; "and young Bob, he do take after his grandad wonderfully, he do. And as fond o' music.' The old man awoke from his reverie. 'Evening, parson," he said, "What were you dreaming about, Bob?"

"That there old cradle," he answered. "I were a double bass once. Ah!" And he told me this which I have written. "Yes," said Prissy, with a sunny sigh "it's a-getting a bit old now. But 'tis a good old thing. It's been a cupboard, and a cart, and a boat, and a meal chest, and a dresser, and a cradle; and I'll be bound as the old man's a-scheming to make something else out on it yet, ain't ye, father?" "Ah, I be," said Bob. "I was just athinkin' then, 'tis the very thing as we

want for that chicken coop. -Macmillan's Magazine.

A Result of Princess Chimay's Amour,

Elwyn A. Barron's London Letter. It would hardly have been believed that the gross amour of the Princess Chimay for the mean little Tsigane should have ereated a demand for gypsy divertisement, immoral and otherwise. This seems, nevertheless, to be the result of that escapade, to use a euphemistic term, which has a historical precedent in the passion of Scottish Mary for the miserable Rizzio. The most agreeable product of this latest form of a very fair result. On the third day of the neurotic disturbance, to which may be given the name gypsymania, is the very charming and unique ballet entertainment at the Alhambra, which is styled "The Tsigane." and which for its art, grace, poetry and music, enjoys a deserved popularity as one of the best of the Alhambra ballets. But both here and in Paris there has arisen suddenly an army of Tsigane musicians, sham and genuine, who thrive upon the passing interest awakened in this brand of gypsy by the licentiousness of a princess without taste in her vices. The troupe that during the world's fair period was content to be known as a Hungarian band now adds to its importance and profits by proclaiming itself Tsigane; wherever a swarthy face can be set off with a picturesque headgear and a guitar a Tsigane musician is set up. Thus far no lady of title has shown herself audacious enough to emulate in all its incidents the example of the Chimay, but I have been informed that a noble house but a little off Park lane will open its season with the strain of a Tsigane band. Mme. Roland's apostrophe to Liberty might be paraphrased by the social philosopher with Nobility as the thing addressed. As it was the ancient axiom that the King could do no evil so it is the modern theory that the "smart set" can commit no immorality, and the limits of one's desires are set down as the only boundaries of conduct. The law has an illbred sort of way of attempting to meddle once in a while; but that is only when the pursuer of strange pleasures goes about with a bell and a town crier. Your ass will bray occasionally and he must be cudgeled. Noblesse oblige seems to be interpreted to mean that the noble are obliged to cut up, and we have a nice instance of the theory in a novel, "A Bit of a Fooi," just put before the public by Sir Robert Peel. A more impudent parade of imbecile vulgarity on the part of a hero it has not been the misfortune of the press to grind out.

It is about time for Perry Heath to take the public into his confidence and let us

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Bridge of Sighs.

Above the sparkling waters, When Venice crowns the tide, Behold the home of sorrow. So near the home of pride; palace and a prison Beside each other rise, And, Jark, between, a link is seen-It is "The Bridge of Sighs." Row, gondoller, row fast, row fast, Until that fatal bridge be past.

But not alone in Venice Are joy and grief so near; To-day the smile may waken, To-morrow wake the tear; Tis next the "House of Mourning" That Pleasure's palace lies.

Twixt joy and grief the passage brief-Just like the "Bridge of Sighs." Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast, Until that fatal bridge be past. Who seeks for joy unclouded, Must never seek it here; But in a purer region-

And in a brighter sphere; To lead the way before us, Bright hope unfailing flies— This earth of ours to Eden's bowers Is but a "Bridge of Sighs." Fly, fly, sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast, Until that "Bridge of Sighs" be past.

-Samuel Lover.

"Good morrow, little maiden, The day is bright," said he: "Good morrow, little gentleman, The month is cold," said she.

A Dialogue in February.

"Will you come and search for posies Beneath the snow?" said he; "I'd rather wait till May-time. When snow is gone," said she. "But all the lads and lasses Can find the rose," said he, "Some other shyer blossom

Were best for you and me. "Will you not come and seek it, " Since spring is nigh?" said he; "I think I'll let you bring me What you can find," said she,

"There is a gentle messenger, St. Valentine," said he, "I'll send him with the blossoms, If you will smile on me. "The saint of all true lovers,

You'll welcome him," said he; "Perchance he'll cheat the winter, And bring the spring," said she. -Louise Chandler Moulton.

Song for St. Valentine's Day. Once more, oh love, once more The fleeting year has run Its rhythmic round, and frore Earth lies beneath the sun. But, though the sleet-shafts dart, The core of joy is mine With thee, oh dearest heart, To be my valentine!

I miss the singing bough, The gossip brook I miss: And yet, oh sweet, somehow I keep the chrism of bliss. What may the secret be? The secret's this-I've thee To be my valentine!

Then let the days divide To music harsh and rude! With me doth spring abide, And calm beatitude. Though surly winter roar, And all his were-wolves whine, I'll laugh them from the door With thee for valentine! -Ciinton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly.

Sunset. Sick of myself, and all that keeps the light Of the blue skies away from me and mine, I climb this ledge, and by this windswept pine ingering watch the coming of the night. Tis ever a new wonder to my sight! Men look to God for some mysterious sign— For other stars than those that nightly shine; For some unnatural symbol of His might. Wouldst see a miracle as grand as those The prophets wrought of old in Palestine? Come, watch with me the shaft of fire that glows In yonder west: the fair, frail palaces; fading Alps-the Archipelagoes-The great cloud continents of sunset seas. -Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Roundel of Rest. If rest is sweet at shut of day For tired hand and tired feet, How sweet at last to rest for aye, If rest is sweet.

We work or work not through the heat:

Death bids us soon our labors lay In lands where night and twilight meet. When the last dawns are fallen on gray, And all life's tolls and ease complete, They know who work, nor they who play. If rest is sweet. -Arthur Symons. A Snow Dream

All the valleys were dim with snowing, Dear, I knew. Over the hills the wind was blowing, Yet in my dream my heart was going Ever to find where flowers were growing, Dear, for you.

There were no flowers by hill or river, Sweet, to shine. But down where shadowy willows shiver I heard a Hope in the branches quiver, And I sent it home to your heart forever, My Valentine. -Mabel Earle, in Harper's Bazar. Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, alack, Elizabeth! Your lovely lilies blow, Slim, love, still, love, beside the echoing stair. The bees have found them out. Row after row Your pinks, those little blossoms with a breath Blown from the east, and out the spice-trees Nod up the paths; and roses white as death, And roses red as love, grow everywhere; For June is at the doo Alack, alack, alack, Elizabeth! Sweter than June, why do you come no more?
-Lizette Woodworth Reese.

> Said Life to Art, "I love thee best Not when I find in thee My very face and form expressed With dull fidelity; "But when in thee my craving eyes

Behold continually The mystery of my memories And all I long to be -Charles G. D. Roberts, in February Century. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The taxable wealth of the colored population of the United States is over \$300,000,000.

The largest business houses are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day in Milwaukee is preparing to have hanging gar-

dens for its exposition in 1898, rivaling those of In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to

Nine cases out of ten of ordinary colds can be cured in their early stage by a hot bath and drinking a glass of hot lemonade immediately before going to bed. The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon twenty-

fours round, instead of two divisions of twelve hours each, as we do. Watches are adjusted to heat and cold by being allowed to stand first in a room heated with dry heat to 120 degrees and then in cold storage, being regulated after each treatment. The Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, was built over a thousand years ago, and the mortar used is said to have been perfumed with

musk. The musky odor is still perceptible. At Grand Rapids, Mich., the opening of the spring furniture season has been the most successful since 1892, and enough orders have been booked to insure busy factories for several According to our last census, 3,981 persons over

one hundred years old were found, and of these 2.583 were women. In France in 1895 there were only sixty-six men and 147 women over the hun-An English gardener writes in the Golden Penny that trees can be polsoned as easily as animals, all that is necessary being the injection

of a few cents' worth of arsenic in a hole bored

A baby that weighs but eight pounds at the age of eighteen months, which is a pound and a half less than it weighed when born, is the attractive center of all the gossip of the little town of Danbury, N. H. Roswell Beardsley, of North Lansing, Mich. was appointed postmaster by President John Quincy Adams, and still holds his office. He is

eighty-seven years old and has been postmaster A useful charity, called the London Spectacle Mission, provides spectacles for needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent upon their evesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

A Canadian bride introduced recently a new

feature in wedding ceremonies. She appeared in church with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain, and the moment the organ sounded the bird burst into song. A quart of oysters contains, on the average, about the same quantity of active nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or a pound of very lean beef, or a pound and a half of fresh codfish, or two-thirds of a pound of bread. A member of the Common Council of New Oreans wants to solve one question of street-car

traffic by making passengers enter at the rear and leave by the front door. He thinks his plan would lessen the dangers to human life. The air is so clear in the Arctic regions that conversation can be carried on easily by persons good authority that at Gibraltar the human voice has been distinctly heard at a distance of ten man in Yung-Chou was found guilty of murder. and the judges, after dooming him to death, also

that he should have taught his pupil to respect human life. The debt of New York city is \$118,000,000; the debt of Philadelphia is \$34,000,000; of Boston, \$43,000,000; of Brooklyn, \$17,000,000; of Cincinnati, \$26,000,000; of Baltimore, \$15,000,000; of Chicago, \$12,000,000; of St. Louis, \$20,000,000 and of New Orleans, \$15,000,000.

decreed the peath penalty for his teacher, saying

Houlton has one of the most charming church thoirs in all Maine. In the Unitarian Church in that town the singing is done by five little girls. not any of them twelve years of age, whose voices are clear and birdlike, and whose work delights the congregation. The California Legislature is preparing to re-lieve Stanford University from taxation burdens.

Up to the present time California has not made allowance of this sort, and has collected about

\$30,000 a year of the clear income of \$150,000 which After waiting three years, a South Paris, Me. man has just received his diploma for the exnibit of corn which he made at the world's fair. It was lost in the mail, and it took about one year to go through the red tape necessary to find it and deliver the diploma. A bill before the Legislature of Missouri provides for the utilizing of idle convicts in re-

claiming swamp land in the southeastern part of the State. It is said that by digging ditches and building levees they can reclaim fully three million acres-some say more. Fresh eggs are being imported from China into America. Over thirty thousand of them, mostly duck eggs, arrived in Chicago during last month. Each egg is wrapped in a thick coating of black mud of a putty-like consistency. The eggs are said to be as fresh as if just laid. A school for teaching the theory and practice of textile manufacturing has just been opened in Lowell, Mass. It is the only school of the kind in New England and the second in the United States. Its purpose is to pave the way for the manufacture of finer grades of goods. In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high and the iron is from 60 to 70 per cent. pure. The metallic mass spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for one thou-

sand years. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Their Weaknesses.

Puck. The Cynic-Men don't paint their faces. The Fair Observer-And women don't paint the town.

Knew the Critter.

Dr. Glade-Do you know anybody who has a Drover-I reckon Hank Bitters has; I sold him one yesterday.

A Natural Death. Puck. Kindly Visitor (noticing the empty cage)-Did your canary die a natural death? Little Reginald (promptly)-Yes, ma'am; the cat ate him.

Literary Profits. Washington Star. "I wonder," said the young man, "whether there is much money to be made by writing

"Some, perhaps," replied the professional amanuensis, "but not as much as by typewriting A Sure Thing. Jester.

Visitor-He is a freshman, you say? Stranger-Yes. I should think you would guess that from his appearance. Visitor-Why? Stranger-He looks so much wiser than the professors.

She Knew His Wants. Twinkles. Cut Short (an affected young poet with luxuriant locks)—Do. Miss Bella, grant me one favor. Let me ask you-Miss Bella-I know what you're going to say. You want me to lend you a hairpin.

The Proper Place. Miss Fosdick-Do you ride the wheel, Miss Gaskett Miss Gaskett-O yes, indeed. Miss Fosdick (superciliously)-I feel myself above the bicycle. Miss Gaskett-Well, that's the proper position

Her Sentiments. Boarder-Yes, indeed, Mrs. Hashton, it was ine sermon. You would have enjoyed it. Landlady-What was the text? Boarder-It was that passage which tells us that we should not be solicitous about what we have to eat and drink.

A Correction.

The Sketch.

Friend of the Family (to young widow who i nconsolable and talks of giving up the world and going to bury herself in a convent)-But don't you think, my dear, it is very foolish for a pretty woman like yourself to think of aban-doning the world at the age of thirty? Young Widow (correcting)—Twenty-nine! Following Precedent.

Philadelphia North American. "I'm too practical to do as heroes do in books, Miss Slight; so I'll just ask you bluntly, will you "No! Thank you, Mr. Terse. I myself don't believe in those silly bookish notions; and as the silly heroines always say yes, why, I'll tell you blunty, no, sir, I won't." Double-Edged.

Courier-Journal. Little Willie (an angel child)-Clara, you needn't be afraid to tell Mr. Brown your age He'll never tell. Clara (choking down an inclination toward fatricide)—And why, dear? Little Willie—Because I heard papa say Mr Brown looked just like a confidence man.

His Cheerful Greeting.

Puck. When Mr. Bickers went home the other afternoon there was a visitor in the parlor talking to "John," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, "let me introduce Mr. Holliday, an old beau of "Glad to meet you, Mr. Holliday," replied Mr. Bickers, cordially. "Please accept my sincere congratulations.

THE MONEY SPENDERS. Bradley-Martins but Feeble Imitators of the Ancient Roman.

Buffalo Courier.

New York has been all ageg over the costume ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin on The entertainment received wide advertisement in advance by reason of the extraordinary expense which the Bradley-Martins incurred—an expense which we are told has never been paralleled in the history of private entertainments in America. Mr. Russell Sage says that even the spendthrifts of Rome's mos proffigate period would have shrunk from spending \$250,000 upon a single revel. But if Mr. Sage means to imply that Americans are more luxurious and prodigal than the Romans of the last days of the republic and of the entire period of the empire, he will had but few to agree with him. The fact that the Bradley-Martin ball excited so much discussion is proof of the rarity or such extravagant entertainment in America The Roman spendthrift, once he got started, did not relax his gait until ne dropped. Somebody has reckoned that the supper at Wednesday's ball cost Mr. Bradley-Martin \$18,000. Lucullus, who was the first Roman to make his fellowcitizens' eyes stick out with wonder at his luxury, had in his city house several dining rooms, and by designating to his steward which to pre pare, the stave knew precisely how much to spend upon the repast. Two friends, who thought to catch him with a cold shoulder of mutton, meeting him one day at the him they would like to sup with him that even ing. Whereupon, turning to his slave, Luculius told him to spread the table in the Apolio chamber-nothing more. When the two friends o Luculius accompanied him home they found a feast which cost their host not less than \$7,000 But even the extravagances of Lucullus were forgotten in the times of the emperors, whose caprices in devising ways of spending their own plunder and that of eminent citizens must have kept Rome guessing. A practical joke of Vitel-lius was to send word to a senator that he would dine with him on such a day, and as Vitellius would not sit down to a dinner that cost a penny under \$20,000, the senator more often than not ruined himself in providing the feast, which was precisely the point of the joke with Vitellius, it was not difficult to make a feast costly in those days, when \$150 were sometimes given for a pair of squabs, and the tongues of thrushes and nightingales were worth their weight in gold. Besides, it was the fashion to give souvenirs to one's guests. Heliogabalus had his guests draw lots after one of his dinners, and the gifts thus distributed varied from ten elephants, richly caparisoned, to the most worthless bauble. Caligula at one of his feasts made a gift of \$10,000 to a favorite chariot driver. Another patrician, being mightily pleased with the dinner set before him, gave the cook a city in Armenia, with all its revenues. Nero at one of his suppers supplied chaplets to his guests which cost \$20,000 and for the roses that decked the table another A patrician dinner in Nero's time was far more sumptuous than anything we dream of nowadays, The host did not receive the guests himself, but left that duty to a number of his sycophants After the guests had been arrayed in banqueting robes, and had had their street sandals replaced by softer footgear, Egyptian slaves poured per fumed snow water over their hands from golden

\$20,000 were spent. vases. Reclining on gold and purple couches around the table, they awaited the preliminary ourse, while incenses were burned in golden dishes and young children anointed their heads with precious perfumes. The first course, which was designed merely to whet the appetite, consisted of lettuce, olives, pomegranites, Damascene plums, forcemeat balls of crab and lobster, champignon and egg sauces, peacock's eggs, each containing a fat reasted ortolan, and honeyed wine. To recount the menu of the dinner proper would weary one unless he were going to prove its excellence. There was not really the variety at a Roman banquet that one may see at a mocest dinner of our period, but the Roman cook had the knack of making the most of what he had and preparing it in a great variety of ways, The conclusion of the entertainment was not so very different from what may be seen at some feasts which we hear much about in these days. The gentlemen made themselves easy, while strolling players diverted them with broad farces, gymnasts exhibited the latest tricks, prestidigitateurs made free with the dishes and coined handfuls of drachmas out of thin air, and little Egyptian or sinuous Spanish girls performed dances which even the ingenious audacity of our moderns has not paralleled. Fol-lowing the retirement of the girls, it was not uncommon to introduce gladiators and have them fight to the death, the guests, blase with the scenes of many an afternoon in the Colosseum, ooking on with more or less interest as the blood of their entertainers spurted upon the table cloth The cost of such a dinner was prodigious, but the wealth that made it possible was also prodigious. The Roman conquerors brought home from the East wagon trains filled with gold and silver, heaps of fabrics and throngs of slaves, and the vast wealth thus wrung from the populations of Asia Minor and Egypt, as well as from thousands of provinces in the far North and West, all contributed to increase the luxury and vice which by and by overwhelmed the empire The sources of wealth in our time are different.

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out in sharp contrast to the want of the many. The squandered money does not reach these any more than a squandered public treasury helps them. The French aristocracy spent lavishiy in the years previous to the Revolution, but the populace grew constantly more wretched. Fortunately the conditions in the United States are not to be compared to those in Rome under the empire or to those in France before the Revolution. But our national character may suffer de-

terioration from the increase of wealth and lux-

ury, and we may have our own troubles if we

yield too easily to these influences. What Some Mothers Think.

In Ireland a belt of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away, and garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a newborn baby in Holland. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children. The knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Among Vosges peasants children born at the new moon are supposed to have tongues better hung Very recent industry, self-denial and thrift tie | than others, while those born at the last at the root of every fortune in America. But quarter better reasoning powers. A daughwhen thousands of great fortunes are thus amassed, when thousands of citizens have no care but the spending of those fortunes, is it likely that the widespread luxury thus engendered will be less inimical to private and public virtue than it has proved to be in the past? That is the serious question, and it becomes more serious when the luxurious habits of some are

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